

## Broken Rules

By DWIGHT TINGLE SCOTT

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In the year of our Lord nineteen eight, one who could wear a white vest and mix cold or hot exhilarating things and keep the customers smiling into the big mirror earned forty or fifty dollars a week; for some fifteen minutes of strenuous exercise within a roped arena, twenty by twenty, a certain husky athlete is reputed to have received fifty thousand dollars; men who could handle iron while it was hot were earning twenty dollars a day. During this prosperous era the efforts of Rev. Horace Chitwood, whose "let not your heart be troubled" struck soothly the deepest notes of mortal woe, and whose "what God has joined" set vibrating the most sublime chords of human joy, were appraised by society at six hundred dollars a year, and he got that much—some years.

So when Reverend Chitwood died he left a mortgage on the little home in a Jersey town, twenty-eight dollars in back salary, a determined widow and Little Chit.

"It is the only thing I can do well—and I had rather it would be here than elsewhere."

"Indeed Mrs. Chitwood, I have never forgotten those pies and that cake you made for the church supper and I remember my promise perfectly." It was the steward who spoke. He had once been a member of Reverend Chitwood's congregation. So Mary Chitwood became pastry cook at a big beach front hotel, and because school was out and because Mary Chitwood wanted him near, Little Chit became bellboy extraordinary out in front.

"What's all the excitement, sonny?" old Colonel Job, the hotel's most consistent grouchy, paused, slipped a handful of "coppers" into the lad's snug coat pocket and patted Little Chit on the head.

"Oh, haven't you heard, colonel? The Money Princess is coming today."

"Hub—that child in Chicago that there has been so much in the papers about?"

"Yes, sir, the real Money Princess and she is coming to our hotel today."

"Tell us about it, dear," prim old Miss Harvey, who spent the year round in the hotel and who had seriously wanted to adopt "her pink-faced cherub," drew Little Chit near to her chair.

"You see she is the richest little girl in the whole world. But she hasn't any mother or father, or even aunts or cousins," explained Little Chit quite seriously. "But she is coming on a private train with a lot of people who look after her and they have fixed up almost a whole third floor for them."

The honking of automobile horns, the clatter of bags upon the marble floor, the forward rush of bellboys and porters; they arrived. The Money Princess herself was almost lost in the hubbub. Came her governess, came her nurse, came her music teacher, came her maid, came her housekeeper, came her eminent Dr. Louise Craig-Lackland, the child hygienist, came others and the servants of others.

Little Chit picked up a small black bag, trimmed in gold. He touched his cap and smiled. The Money Princess smiled back.

When they reached their floor there came the hubbub of inspecting rooms. Dr. Louise Craig-Lackland knew that the scientific principles of ventilation had been violated. She got out an instrument with a fan wheel and a dial. And of all things! The music teacher's room was done in salmon and lavender, the housekeeper had ordered roses—there were sweet peas in all the vases, the rooms faced the east, the morning sun would annoy—to be sure the ocean was inconveniently in that direction, too—could they make their apartments do?

Again Little Chit touched his cap and smiled at the small girl standing in the midst of all this commotion and looking very sweet and very lonely and very much like any other little girl of twelve might look who had long yellow curls and red lips and pink cheeks and blue eyes.

Again the Money Princess smiled back and opened a little gold mesh purse that hung from her graceful young arm.

"Not from you, princess."

The Money Princess closed the bag. "You know," said she, "I like you, little boy, very much."

"And I like you, too, princess."

It was a week later and Little Chit had just delivered ice water. Quite suddenly but softly the door opened and the Money Princess slipped into the hall. She put her fingers over her lips.

"Listen, Little Chit," she whispered, "I am running away from them."

"Little Chit stood transfixed."

"Did you ever," she continued, "have to eat food that had been all weighed out for you, and have to learn French verbs for an hour each day and practice old finger exercises every afternoon, and have that old Dr. Louise Craig-Lackland snooping around with a watch in her hand every time you went in bathing, and some one always warning you against playing with other children on the beach?"

Little Chit admitted that his life had not so far been complicated by any of these things.

"Well, I hate all of them, so I am

running away, and you shall go with me, Little Chit."

"Lock that door, don't let another soul in here."

"But, sir, he says they from the Philadelphia detective agency and they have just come over on a special train."

"I don't give a whoop who they are; there is not room to breathe in here now and my private office wasn't built with the idea of accommodating all the policemen this side of New York." The manager of the great hotel swung about in his chair and addressed impatiently a round-faced, matronly woman whose arm was about a fair-haired little girl clinging to her as though for protection from the excited group which ranged itself behind Dr. Louise Craig-Lackland. "Go ahead, Mrs. Chitwood." "That is about all, sir. I am sure no harm is done, that I can see. When Little Chit brought her home I should have come right over, especially when she admitted that she was out without her—her—Mrs. Chitwood cast about dubiously for a word. She dare not refer to the indignant group as servants, and parents and relatives they were not, "without her keepers' permission," cheerfully resumed the widow, noting with placid satisfaction, the gasp of Doctor Craig-Lackland.

"They were out all the afternoon playing on the beach, and her shoes and stockings were all wet. So I made her take these off while I dried them and then the poor dear child was so hungry."

"Yes," spoke up the Money Princess, quite suddenly losing her shyness, "you shall not blame Little Chit's mother, nor Little Chit either. I had a perfectly glorious time, so I did—all afternoon, and I had soup for dinner, soup with big yellow dumplings and chocolate layer cake, and I am glad I didn't come home and have to eat four ounces of old farina and fruit and sterilized milk, and I wish I could stay right here with Little Chit and his mother and that all of you would let me be."

"Such impertinence," gasped the governess.

"It comes of her association, no doubt," indignantly declared the housekeeper.

"Boiled dumplings and chocolate cake at bedtime! You naughty, ungrateful child." This from Doctor Craig-Lackland.

That very night the Money Princess and her retinue left the great hotel. But as the last taxicab pulled away from under the porte cochere, a bright golden head protruded from the cab window.

"Goodby, Little Chit, remember our promise."

"Good-by, princess, I shall never forget you."

The rule seventeen as plainly posted over the head porter's desk told what would happen to an employee who—but no difference, for hadn't Colonel Job hurried right into the manager's office and hadn't the manager called in Little Chit's mother and wasn't the outcome of this whole matter that old Colonel Job, who had more money and more gout and less relatives than is good for any man of his age, astonished the whole hotel by insisting that he was henceforth to be Little Chit's guardian and protector—and that the boy was to have everything that money and a good home could afford?

Ten years elapse.

Terrible as the strain of the last few days had been—days when there was neither sleep nor a moment's rest nor ease of mind, every member of University unit No. 2 thrilled with pride.

American engineers had filled the gap. Throwing away picks and shovels they had stemmed that gray horde that was pouring through a wide hole at the very base of the British wedge, a widening hole that for two days threatened to turn Byng's mighty victory into disaster immeasurable.

"I have just put your first American into 'G' pavilion." The orderly pushed the empty operating cart into the corridor and dropped a hospital record card onto the nurse's desk as he passed.

She was not a trained nurse, this beautiful, fair-haired young woman. She had volunteered as a secretary to an American university unit, just as hundreds of other wealthy American girls had volunteered.

In the stress that followed the ebb and flow of the great offensive when first dressing stations had been swept away and disorganized, moaning, mangled men had been hauled in by the hundred—hauled in, yet wearing the foul, sticky clothing in which they had fallen.

She had plunged in and scrubbed and cut away filthy clotting, clothing and done cheerfully and well those repulsively necessary things for which training is beside strong hands, and calm nerves and a cool head, all of which the Money Princess had.

With cool professional air she now glanced down at the card before her. A quick intake of her breath. Leaving the desk she moved softly into the dimly lighted pavilion.

"Mother!"

How often had that cry rang out over the red-soaked fields of France! Always it was their first word when they came from under the anesthetic.

Quickly she moved toward the bed and knelt beside him. It was very unprofessional. Making allowance for her youth, for her utter lack of training, the head nurse would have been bitterly indignant had she seen it. Besides there was rule 17 of Base Hospital 25, which plainly stated—but, phew, wasn't he an American and wasn't she an American, and wasn't the name on the card, Lieut. Horace Chitwood? What did she care about rules.

"Well, I hate all of them, so I am

## PEARLS FAMOUS IN HISTORY

Romance Surrounding Them Transcends That of Any Other of the World's Prized Gems.

What unbelievable romance there is in the lives of certain pearls, passionately admired, desired, awaited, stolen, sold as beautiful slaves, then returned again to their glory in the oriental luxury of a diadem or on the neck of an empress! Reflect upon those which were enshrined thousands of years ago in the jade casket of some Chinese emperor, and which, suddenly exhumed, find new life in reflecting the sky! Others, in Greece, have adorned the statues of Venus in the temples or, at Rome, after the conquest of the East, have received imperial honors. The patrician women, M. Rosenthal reminds us, decked themselves with pearls during their slumbers to possess them in their dreams, and they suspended them by three from their ears that the tinkling of the pendants might remind them of their beauty which they could not see.

There was that pearl of a million which Julius Caesar offered to Servilla, mother of Brutus. There were, in our history, the pearls of Isabel de Baviere, of Mary Stuart, the gift of Catherine de Medici, and those of Henry III. Pearls were present at dramatic moments, concerning which they tell us with more impressive exactness than the historians of the time; and you can imagine all that the gems which adorn the portraits of the Florentine Renaissance must know of the tragic intimacies of that sensuous sixteenth century, so gorgeous and murderous. One pearl once had a famous name, the name of a courtesan. It was called La Perlegrina (The Incomparable). It belonged to King Philip II of Spain, and Saint-Simon (the historian) felt himself glorified from having once held it, for an instant, in his hands.—"Flaneur," in Indianapolis Star.

## JELLYFISH'S STING NO JOKE

Pest Known as "Portuguese Man-of-War" Is Dreaded by Bathers, for Excellent Reasons.

The jellyfish has long been the subject of mirth and jest, but at times it is aggressive and formidable, and its sting is a source of fear for bathers. The sting of the southern Portuguese jellyfish, known technically as the Nemeus, is very severe.

Jellyfish are found in the trade-wind belts of all oceans. Each Portuguese "man-of-war," as the jellyfish is sometimes known, is made up of a number of small animals of the jellyfish order, which have in common an iridescent colored, bubble-like float, about the size of a man's hand, which rests on the surface of the water. A fin or sail enables the float to make headway across the wind, rather than with it. The jellyfish has long paper-like tentacles, and these are equipped with the stings. When they brush against bathers they burn and leave red welts that itch and burn for hours, and should two or three pass over a man's arm at once, they would almost paralyze it. Some years ago scientists discovered a little man-of-war fish that accompanies the man-of-war jellyfish. It swims around the float until danger threatens, when it sneaks underneath and is safe from harm under the protection of the jellyfish's tentacles.

## Possible Cause of Fever.

The Medical Journal asks if "all fever, or at least a large proportion of it, may not be due to some change in the fluids of the body which prevents water from being available as perspiration which by its evaporation serves to keep the body cool."

It may be that the practice of making a fever patient perspire freely has another purpose than the washing out of impurities from the blood, this being an actual cooling by evaporation. "An abundance of water has been found beneficial in fevers, and there are many clinicians who are decidedly of the opinion that cold-water baths have much more than merely a direct and mechanical refrigerating purpose, for they are followed by rather free diuresis and often also by perspiration. Indeed, one of the great indications for bath in fever is that the skin is dry and hot, for it is under these circumstances that the bath will do much good."

## Birds' Speed Deceptive.

An interesting check on some of those gunners who know their bird was flying 100 miles an hour because they had to lead him seen feet would be to paint a duck on a long board at the end of an express train running at, say 60 miles an hour, and let the gunner blaze away at the painted duck at normal duck-shooting ranges to check up the speed of the painted bird, with the "lead" necessary to give the charge to hit the wild duck alleged to have gone 100 miles per. Neither train nor long-winged honker gives a fair idea of the actual speed, because they are both large; the little bird often deceives.

Optimist.

Growler—Yes, in the end, we all get six feet of earth.

Cheerup—What would you do if they discovered oil on your plot before you died?

Hammered in.

"The school of experience is a hard one."

"Thorough, though, very thorough. What you learn there, you know."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

## HUMPHREYS'

The full list of Dr. Humphrey's Remedies for internal and external use, which the needs of families for nearly every ailment from Infancy to old age—described in Dr. Humphrey's Manual mailed free.

### PARTIAL LIST

1. Fever, Congestion, Inflammations
2. Worms, Worm Fever
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4. Diarrhea of Children and adults
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7. Headache, Sick Headache, Vertigo
8. Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Weak Stomach
9. Croup, Hoarse Cough, Laryngitis
10. Eczema, Eruptions
11. Rheumatism, Lumbago
12. Fever and Ague, Malaria
13. Piles, Blind, Bleeding, Internal, External
14. Catarrh, Influenza, Cold in Head
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17. Disorders of the Kidneys
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20. Grippe, La Grippe

For sale by druggists everywhere.

HUMPHREYS' HOMEOPATHIC MEDICINE CO.

Corner William and Ann Streets, New York

## 160 Hens—1500 Eggs

Mrs. H. P. Patton, Waverly, Mo., writes "I fed 2 boxes of 'More Eggs' to my hens and broke the egg record. I got 1500 eggs from 160 hens in exactly 21 days." You can do as well. Any poultry raiser can easily double his profits by doubling the egg production of his hens. A scientific food has been discovered that revitalizes the flock and makes hens work all the time. The tonic is called "More Eggs." Give your hens a few cents worth of "More Eggs," and you will be amazed and delighted with results. "More Eggs" will double this year's production of eggs, so if you wish to try this great profit maker, write E. J. Reeder, poultry expert, 1638 Reeder Bldg., Kansas City, Mo., for a \$1 package of "More Eggs" Tonic. Or send \$2.25 to-day and get three regular \$1 packages on special full discount for a season's supply. A million dollar bank guarantee if you are not absolutely satisfied, your money will be returned on request and the "More Eggs" costs you nothing. You take no risk. Write to-day. Pay a dollar bill to your letter or send \$2.25 on special discount for 3 packages. Or ask Mr. Reeder to send you free his poultry book that tells the experience of a man who has made a fortune out of poultry.—Adv.

## Notice for Appearance.

State of Michigan—In the Circuit Court for the County of Shiawassee, in Chancery. Elias Holzheuer, Plaintiff, vs. Amelia Holzheuer, Defendant.

Suit pending in the Circuit Court for the County of Shiawassee, in Chancery, at Corunna on the 5th day of October, A. D. 1919.

In this cause it appearing that the defendant is not a resident of this state, but resides at Fort Meade, State of Florida, on motion of G. F. FRIEGEL, plaintiff's attorney, it is ordered that the said defendant enter her appearance herein, within three months from the date of this order.

And that within forty days the plaintiff cause this order to be published in the Owosso Times, such publication to be continued once in each week for six weeks in succession.

JOSEPH H. COLLINS, Circuit Judge.

G. F. FRIEGEL, Attorney for Plaintiff.

## Notice for Appearance.

State of Michigan—In the Circuit Court for the County of Shiawassee, in Chancery. Thirty-fifth Judicial Circuit, in Chancery. Mary L. Shuster, Plaintiff, vs. Anson E. Shuster, Defendant.

Suit pending in the Circuit Court for the County of Shiawassee—in Chancery, at the City of Corunna on the 15th day of September, 1919.

In this cause it appearing that the defendant is not a resident of the State of Michigan, but a resident of the State of Oregon. Therefore on motion of Pulver & Bush, attorneys for plaintiff, it is ordered that defendant enter his appearance in said cause on or before three months from the date of this order, and that within twenty days the plaintiff cause this order to be published in the Owosso Times, said publication to be continued once in each week for six weeks in succession.

JOSEPH H. COLLINS, Circuit Judge.

PULVER & BUSH, Attorneys for Plaintiff.

Business address, Owosso, Michigan.

## Commissioners' Notice.

In the matter of the estate of Lucy M. Jackson, deceased.

We, the undersigned, having been appointed by the Hon. Matthew Bush, Judge of Probate in and for the County of Shiawassee, State of Michigan, Commissioners to receive, examine and adjust all claims and demands of all persons against said estate, do hereby give notice that we will meet at the State Savings Bank in the City of Owosso, in said county, on Monday, the 10th day of January, A. D. 1920, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of each of said days, for the purpose of receiving and adjusting all claims against said estate and that four months from the 24th day of November, A. D. 1919, are allowed to creditors to present their claims for adjustment and allowance.

Dated the 24th day of November, A. D. 1919.

WILLIAM A. ROSENKRANS, PAUL N. CLINE, Commissioners.

## Order of Publication.

State of Michigan, The Probate Court for the County of Shiawassee.

At a session of the Probate Court for said County, held at the Probate office, in the City of Corunna, on the 6th day of December, A. D. 1919.

Present, Matthew Bush, Judge of Probate. In the matter of the estate of Walter A. Osborn, deceased.

On filing the petition of Benjamin F. Osborn praying for the Probate of the will of said deceased now filed in this court.

It is ordered that the 5th day of January, next at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at said Probate Office be appointed for hearing said petition.

And it is further ordered, that a copy of this order be published three successive weeks, previous to said day of hearing, in the Owosso Times a newspaper printed and circulating in said County of Shiawassee.

(A true copy.)

MATTHEW BUSH, Judge of Probate.

CLARABEL GALLOWAY, Registrar of Probate.

## PAKERS' HAIR BALM

A toilet preparation of merit. It is for the hair and scalp. It is for the hair and scalp. It is for the hair and scalp.

Beauty to Gray or Faded Hair. It is for the hair and scalp. It is for the hair and scalp. It is for the hair and scalp.

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DIAMOND BRAND. A year's treatment for CHICHESTER PILLS in one box. A year's treatment for CHICHESTER PILLS in one box. A year's treatment for CHICHESTER PILLS in one box.

Get the Genuine and Avoid Waste.

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